

"To Thine Own Self Be True"-- SHAKESPEARE

SUPERSTITION PARTY

THE GOULD

BLUE AND GOLD

VOL. NO. 2 BETHEL, MAINE NOV. 19, 1942 THREE CENTS

CLOOM DOESN'T STAND GHOST OF CHANCE AT SUPERSTITION PARTY

On Friday evening, Nov. 13 the Girls' Athletic Council threw a party in the William Bingham Gym for the rest of the school-- "threw" it, it may be said, with skill and accuracy straight down the alley for a ten-strike of success.

All comers walked under a ladder as they entered the gym,-- an act which at once put the double-hex on everyone in the gaily decorated hall, where open umbrellas, black cats, a surplus of thirteens and other grave-yard memories adorned the walls and ceiling.

When the points total for the games was arrived at, it was discovered that the most home work on this type of indoor sport had been done by Gladys Neuswanger, Barbara Brown, and Clark Richmond.

A series of skits had been rehearsed by the four classes, as their contribution to the general whoop-de-do, and were now presented. The Freshmen went thru the intricate mazes of two figures from a genuine old-time square dance, with the boys in straw hats and general dishabille, and the "Cage" and "Dip and Dive" were successfully negotiated by fifteen freshmen, while Mr. Thompson displayed an unwonted kittenish strain by both calling the figures and substituting for Holly Sturgis.

With Bob Foster as begowned master of ceremonies, as well as writer of the skit, the sophs then did an excellent parody on the radio program, Truth and Consequences; various unsuspecting soph-

omores were called upon the stage, and if they were unable to answer Bob's questions, woe be unto them! Before he was quite aware of what had happened, Al Brewster was peeling spuds, smeared with lipstick and wearing an apron (Al, not the spuds!), Barb Doyle was leading the whole gang in calisthenics, and Pam Parsons was reciting "If," with sniffles, gasps, coughs, and sneezes for various parts of speech. When Bob asked for applause to be registered for those who had performed their tasks best, Al walked off dazedly with a dollar's worth of war stamps.

The Juniors then took over with a clever "black-out" skit, with Anne Aldrich as narrator of the trials of an early pioneer family, whose troubles were solved by the miraculous appearance of SUPERMAN! Costumes, pantomime, and general over-all smoothness of this skit placed it high in the judge's list when it came to selecting the best act of the evening. Stan Davis and Company might well set out as an old-time meller-dramatroupe any time they feel the urge.

For a climax which was far from anti, the Seniors proceeded to brave the lightning and defy the gods with a parody Faculty Meeting. Not difficult to recognize were the clever impersonations of Carolyn Wight, Rachel Gordon, Bob Golderman, Malcolm Brown, Tommy Thompson, and Company. With Class Proxy McAllister carrying on as Headmaster Ireland, various odd matters popped up at ten second intervals; the act was clever, especially in consideration of the fact that much of the script was ad libbed by the cast as they went along.

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THE GOULD BLUE AND GOLD

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EDITORIAL

Thanksgiving Day, 1942. We still haven't been bombed and we have still got that complacent attitude. Stalingrad is an utter ruin. Thousands of Russians and Germans lie dead. The world is shaken by a war on seven continents. Here at home we are planning to ask Aunt Effie and Uncle Cy over to dinner and are wondering if we should use that "C" coupon to get them here. We aren't thinking of the people all over occupied Europe who are freezing and starving.

Thanksgiving Day, 1942. Our boys are in it at last. Here is the long-awaited "Second Front." The people are rejoicing and giving thanks to God for the "Second Front." Soon the news will come from Africa. Then wailing mothers and sad-eyed fathers will realize that victory is not moulded from steel alone. It is a mixture of blood, sweat, heartache, and death. We can only give thanks for one thing. We are still fighting, we are not bowed to the conqueror. Our heads are bloody but we are still punching with both fists. A new spirit, is coming into the American soul. We can clearly see (that is, most of us) that in

order to beat the brilliant German, the stoogy Italian, and the copying Jap, we must work and slave. It is not an easy thing to face. Four, maybe six year or even ten years may mark the war's termination. The Americans are just beginning to think after a year of war. Thanksgiving Day, 1942. If we are just beginning to think now, then what have we been doing for the past year? I'll tell you. We have been loafing, growing fat on our own selfish attitude. The person that says, "So what? I don't care one way or the other!" is out. We must wake up or it will be too late. Yes, the American people are beginning to think. But the time for thinking is very short indeed. Action is the by-word for us all to use. Action spells victory, inaction spells defeat.

It is a very sad and momentous time for the entire human race. Our fate may well be sealed in the not-too-distant future. All that can keep us fighting and working together is faith in those ideals that led our Pilgrim fathers to these shores.

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1942



HOLDEN HACHA

The name "Holden Hall" means home sweet home to a few of us, a temporary refuge for the winter months to many of us, the wolf den across the street to others of us, and merely another red brick building to many more. At any rate, it is Gould Academy's Boys' Dormitory, and, since boys will be boys, there are always plenty of goings-on within.

Like any dormitory, Holden has its Dorm Master, in this case Mr. Thompson, and its other faculty inhabitants, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Mr. Roderick, and Mrs. Thompson. It also has a Dormitory Council elected by its citizens. That council consists of Robert Golderman and Hastings Bartley, seniors; David Hawkins, junior; Bob Foster, sophomore; and John Marshall, freshman.

So much for the formalities; now for the hacha!

On the evening of Friday, November 6 immediately after the regular dance in the gymnasium, the Holden lads had their first popcorn feast of the year. Mr. Foster popped, Mr. Thompson poured (cider), and Mr. Vachon, whose genius had planned the affair, stood around and looked alert. Credit must also be given to Bobs Golderman, Sawyer, and Foster, who spent somebody's hard-earned money during the afternoon on the cider and popping corn. The only guest from Gehring Hall that I remember noticing was Bill Grover.

Another of the many triangles about school is that of Larry Bedard, Martin Bovey, and Patsy Duncan. Mr. Strout himself couldn't have created a more perfect three sided polygon.

When asked why his radio station "W O L F" has not been broadcasting regularly of late, our editor replied that the studio audience made his room too dirty to rank an "A" at inspection.

Will Ace Snakehips Bradlee, recently arisen from a sick bed, is now resuming his career as a Senior at Gould Academy.

GEHRING GURLINGS

The snow caused quite a commotion in Gehring Friday morning. Nothing else would have gotten so many of us up so early!

Norma has developed a literary taste; she's been doing a lot of Reid-ing lately.

B. J. Durgin's theme song: "I Left My Heart at the Holden Hall Dorm; I Left it There With a Boy They Call Norm--"

Doris Mann has at last met her Pierre Latouche. Tommy's just about the right height, too; huh, Dot?

Very amusing to watch Linc and Stan learning how to dance at the new class. What have they been doing all these Friday nights?

Did you know Christine Neuswanger had a new name?---Goldie's "Rachel Field."

Why did Bill Wright ask to wait on Table VIII this period? Must be Miss Mutch's influence--Yes, I'm kidding.

If you haven't heard Barbara Graves' rendition of the Guppy Song, you ain't heard nothing yet.

Know what subject Holly Sturgis is most interested in this year? Hi-Jean, of course.

Does Lee Chiera look forward to ice-cream day with the rest of us? Uh-uh---she'd rather have Pudd'n.

Nora Chipman has an elephant named "Brownie." Purely coincidental, of course--says Nora!

Who started the Gehring theme song, "Happy Little Morons," anyway? We'll have to admit it's appropriate, much as we hate to.

How did you like Red Sanborn's interpretation of Peggy, Friday evening? He ought to have known how to do it.

SPORTS HIGHLIGHTS

Oh me! The Seven Days Conflict is over. The din of battle, shrieks and groans, dirt, grime, sweat, and blood; its all over now. The medical corp deserves high praise for its brilliant work in the field under fire. To the victors belong the spoils and to the vanquished, eternal degradation. In other words the two weeks' program of athletic events for boys is over with Clark Richmond's team crowned champion.

The members of this elite organization of satellites were Captain Richmond, Packard, Thompson (Mass.), Bartlett, Copeland, and Gordon Lawry.

The winners scored $66\frac{1}{2}$ points and were pressed throughout the games by Malc Brown's team with $62\frac{1}{2}$ points and Jimmie Reid's team with $56\frac{1}{2}$ points. In individual performance on the Commando Course relays Malcolm Brown turned in the excellent time of 2 minutes 45 seconds. The second best time was credited to Dick Bryant at 3:06 followed by Peabody at 3:09.

The men of the faculty congratulated the winners and will entertain them at the movies and a luncheon. The directors also wish to thank every boy who took part, for his fine spirit, enthusiasm, and sportsmanship. A good time was had by all.

Basketball Notes

Starting this week the Field House will be a busy place with the various class teams beginning to prepare for an interclass tournament.

It is too early to predict the strength of the teams but it looks like some real games are on top for rapid Class Team fans.

The Post Graduate boys, Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors will participate in this affair. The Freshmen are booked for coaching by Mr. Roderick, so that they will be a little better prepared for the annual handicap tournament which will start shortly after the varsity squad has been picked.

HOCKEY SEASON OF '42

The girls' hockey teams this year were very good. The first game was played on Oct. 19, between the sophomores and freshmen. The score was 3 to 1 in favor of the sophomores.

Against all of the good playing of the rest of the teams, the juniors won the class championship. They never let a ball reach the goalie if possible to stop it be- more, even if they had to use their heads. (Something new!) Just ask Debora Farwell if you don't believe it. Right forward must be a dangerous position! In that game the Juniors won--twelve to the Freshmen's nothing.

The spirited competition of the Freshmen was very good in spite of the fact that they didn't win any games.

The center forward of the Sophomore team, Ella Morse, was knocked unconscious during one practice. It was not for long, but you can see what strenuous sport this is.

The Gold and Blue Teams were picked last Tuesday--Nov. 13, '42, and Wednesday they played their first game. It was very interesting to watch, aside from the fact that it was so cold your teeth chattered. The results were: Gold 5, and Blue 2. Thursday they again meet on the girls' hockey field to decide who would be the champion. But that fact was to remain unknown for awhile because the Blues were 4 to the Golds 2. Due to the wonderful snow storm the deciding game was not played Friday. As we go to press the champions are unknown, and the final results will have to await the next issue.

ALUMNI JOTTINGS

Well, here comes another part of the class of 1942.

Muriel Bean is now Mrs. Rodney Brooks of Bethel, so all you other girls can rub her name off the list of females not to introduce to your best boy friend. Well, this is a coincidence, Ruth Bean was married this summer and is now living in Florida. These Bean girls seem to have a monopoly on this type of career.

Hope Bean has been working in Portland. As soon as she has another year to her credit, she plans to train for a nurse in Boston. Several of this class are already in training. Muriel Hall, Ruby Jewell, and Ruth Walker are at the C. M. G. Hospital in Lewiston. Marion Colby is at the Rumford Memorial Hospital, and Dorothy Fish is at the Bath Memorial Hospital.

The Junior Colleges attracted many of the girls. Rachel Field, our redhead, is at Vermont Jr. College, Montpelier. Marjorie Alvord is at Green Mountain Jr. College, Poultney, Vt. Elizabeth Gorman, Janice Lawrence, and Phyllis Packard are all at Westbrook Jr. College, Portland. They ought to keep the school busy for a while! Barbara Linnitt is at Lasell Jr. College, Auburndale, Mass. How often do you suppose she goes over Cambridge way?

Maxine Flanders and Fran Holmes are at Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. We will be looking for you both on the dramatic stage in a few years. Patty Gould, our virtuoso of the oboe, is at the Eastman School of Music, Rochester, N. Y. It wouldn't be at all surprising to find this girl going places.

I'm sorry to disappoint you by not having all the girls this time. Just be patient, and in the next issue of you "Blue and Gold" you will find the rest of the Class of 1942. It's a promise!

P & K

A "P.G." LOOKS AT GOULD

As I look back over my past years at G. A. and compare them with the present one, I see various changes that have taken place. But I can also see several sights that are still familiar.

For instance, Miss Bailey still invades the mysteries of mathematics and attempts to lift the veil from Trig and Georetry. She still asks her famous question, "Which would you rather, Kiddies, have one-half a pie, or a whole pie?", and some bright wit still answers, "What kind of pie, Miss Bailey?"

Mr. Fossett's classes still absorb certain facts in literature (Someone told me he mentioned Kenneth Roberts this year, is that right?), while Mr. Myers still dictates in the Commercial Department. Miss Lundy continues to hike, and Coach Anderson still saws and draws.

These things are the same. They are the landmarks of Gould and the joy of returning Alumni. Others of the faculty have gone, and been replaced by the members of the present staff.

There have been certain changes in the actions of the student body, but all in all, it is much the same as ever. The Physics students still flunk the same old problems, and the Chemistry students still do the most peculiar things. In my day, the prize chemistry boner was pulled by Rachel Field, who tried to force air through a solid glass rod. This year the honor goes to T. Jacobs, who blows out the flame on his Bunsen burner, before turning off the gas.

They tell me that the Typing I students still take speed tests, and occasionally find they've written 50 W. P. M., but (horrors) were not on the home keys. The bookkeepers' accounts still fail to balance, and A still does twice as much as B in second Year Algebra.

(I will tell you more in the next issue.)

OUTING CLUB

The Outing Club has as its officers, four capable and popular upperclassmen in the persons of Norman Jacobs, president; Betty Jobin, vice-president; Priscilla Carver, treasurer; and Anne Aldrich secretary. Mr. Myers, Miss Lundy, Miss Newman, and Miss Soule are the faculty advisors of the Club.

Several committees have been chosen to take charge of the activities of the Outing Club. The chairmen of the committees are as follows: Racing Committee, Anne Aldrich; Publicity Committee, Jackie Leader; Equipment Committee, Francis Gilman; FINANCE Committee, Priscilla Carver; Entertainment Committee, Malcolm Brown; Hiking Committee, Betty Jane Durgin; Winter Carnival General Committee, Betty Jobin; Program Committee, Norman Jacobs; First Aid, Lincoln Colby.

Work has started on the Devil's Kitchen ski hill, and both boys and girls have spent many hours there, clearing and smoothing the hill. One Saturday hike was taken to the hill, where lunch was served to the workers. Last Saturday many students were taken to the ski hill at Swan's Corner to maintain the ski property which was purchased last year. Outdoor lunch was enjoyed and the "bus" returned to the school at four p.m.

Ode to Robert Townsend

I love its tinkle-tinkle,
I love its rushing flow,
I love to wind my mouth up,
And I love to hear it go.

It never stops for any cause,
It flows both day and night,
A stream bank full of ignorance
For never am I right.

MOVIE REVIEWS

Taking a quick look at the Bethel Theater's "Preview of Coming Attractions," we find that "Mrs. Miniver" will be shown on November 22, 23, and 24. This comes as good news to those of us who either haven't seen the famous movie or who are looking forward to seeing it again. Critics have judged "Mrs. Miniver" one of the ten best pictures of all time, and I doubt if anyone who has seen it will dispute their decision. Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon play the leading roles to perfection, and a fine supporting cast headed by Theresa Wright proves that Hollywood has wonderful actors and actresses as well as glamour boys and girls.

Among other movies that will be in Bethel in the near future, are "Beyond The Blue Horizon" starring Dorothy Lamour to be shown on November 25 and 26, and "Footlight Serenade" starring John Payne, to be shown on November 29 and 30.

MUSIC AND RHYTHM

I find it interesting to note who the swing fans of this country chose for their All-Star Band. Since this column expresses no exact preference or is neither square nor round the judging of the capability of these musicians in forming an All-Star Band is left to the readers. The band consisted of: saxes; Tex Benke, Benny Carter, Toots Mondella, Vido Musso, Benny Goodman; drums: Gene Krupa; trombones; J.C. Higginbotham; Lou McGarity; trumpeters: Roy Eldridge, Harry James, Cootie Williams; Count Basie, Freddie Green and Doc Goldberg were on piano, guitar, and bass respectively.

Saturday night's Hit Parade rated the three following songs at the head of the list: (1) White Christmas; (2) Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition; (3) My Devotion.

BETHEL BABBLINGS

To me was assigned the tremendous task of gathering a few personal items around the town. It seems that you 'uns have been revoltingly well behaved, for I have not been able to find any dirty dirt. However, I did manage to get a few catty remarks on the rebound

Say, that Clough girl is an advocate of exercise, especially when it is done under a bright moon. She'll walk for miles, won't she, Hiram?

What town boy (already mentioned above) and what pal of his (hi, Glen) are out to date up two of these luscious lovlies from the MTG Home? Yeah, Man(n).

It is a well known fact that some people are fickle, but not Pheobe Peabody. She's a one man woman--yes sir, one right after another.

It's unconstitutional! What is? Why, the way Alice Bennett can stare any man down. While the rest of us go around goosy-eyed and gushing, she never even skips a heart beat. What about it, men?

What cute little miss had to wait in the lobby of Ye Theatre while her escort raced back to the dorm for his wallet? For further details, see Carol Robertson.

Can anyone tell us who the "Bonnie" lass is who has the day students (male) standing on their respective heads? She's about 5ft. 4in., and has dark hair, comely figure, and ---well, she is cute. Yes, she is truly a "Bonnie"lass. Hi, Gil

Bob Greenleaf is very much interested in Jesse--and we don't mean James, either. She livesway out in Pennsylvania, poor Bob.

If I've left anyone out (and I know I have) it is only because space is limited. However, ah solemnly swear to do better next time.

MR. BOWHAY

Well Mr. Bowhay is in the army We wish him al the luck in the world and we know that he will have it. He is studying meterology at M.I.T. Following is a post card which Mr. Bowhay sent the boys of Holden Hall--

"Hi Men:

Sure miss you fellows and the fun of playing games every afternoon. Now it's up at six, make my bed, inspection (and how), plenty of marching. We are going to get six weeks of basic before classes in Meterology begin; guess the idea is to toughen us up a bit. So far the Army is O.K., but the food is not like you get from the dorm across the street. Keep studying You'll need it, and stay rugged."

G. Bowhay

The Passing of Father Time

Year by year in pious patience,
Mr. Ireland on his platform stands,
Waiting for the greenest Freshman
To become bright, burning brands
Very often they all fail him---,
And but once in fifty years
Does there come a little Freshie
He can look at with tears.

--Quo Vadis

FOR BETTER

AFTER SCHOOL SNACKS
COME TO

THE BETHEL RESTAURANT

PROPRIETRESS FLORICE-GROVER

DRUG STORE

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

FOUNTAIN SERVICE

WHITMAN'S

CHOCOLATES

SUPERSTITION PARTY (CONT')

The judges awarded the prize to the sophs, as Mr. Ireland congratulated the four classes for the time and effort which had gone into the skits. Refreshments were served, while the students chanted, "We want the faculty." However, Mr. Ireland explained that the hour had grown late, and that the faculty would be more than willing to perform at some future time. Thus ended another party which will go down in Gould annals as one of the finest on record.

"PRESS TIME" NEWS

BY

THE ROVING REPORTER

Many things of interest are to take place in the near future. I am not at liberty to tell you about all of them, but I can tell you about some of them.

Miss Griggs has announced to the Glee clubs that there will be an Operetta given by the music clubs after Christmas. The title of the Operetta is "Hat's Off." It is a patriotic pageant and should be well received by the school.

The interclass basketball teams are holding nightly practices and are shaping up well. The Freshmen are being coached by Mr. Roderick in the Girls' Gym. The other classes are being given last minute instructions by the "iron man" of basketball, Coach Anderson.

NORMAN TORREY'S AIM IN LIFE
IS TO -----

Play in recitation,
Dream for recreation;
An early "date" kept till late,
English swiped at half past eight;
Mathematics on the blink!
After school for this poor gink.

MORE HACHA (CONT')

The difficulties of a dorm master: Apparently bewildered and unnerved by the wild charges that scamper about his mansion day in and day out, Mr. Thompson was seen to serve the sauce one evening on flat plates. Not satisfied with this, I understand that he proceeded to put salad dressing on his hash at the next supper. One day in class our dorm master was stricken with an attack of lithping. So grave was this trouble that he even lithped with his chalk on the blackboard, spelling Tibet with a "Th". As reason for this mental sluggishness I can furnish only one definite item: When asked in class what she thought the ideal size for a family was, Pam Parsons was heard to reply: "Somewhere between two and three."

Many of the Holden Hall inmates on wending their ways homeward from school have encountered almost unsurpassable difficulties. Every afternoon they run into swarms of gleaners plucking pointed and feathered sticks from trees, lawns, and in some cases targets. When not gleaning, these hecklers have been known to playfully shoot the feathered missels with their bows at any unfortunate passers by. It is easy to understand why many of the boys now go to the dormitory via the drug store.

BRYANT'S MARKET BETHEL

FANCY
GROCERIES ⁷/₁₀ MEAT

Doing easily what others
find difficult is talent; doing
what is impossible for talent
is genius.

--Aniel

BETHEL THEATRE PREVIEWWS

PHONE: 54

Friday and Saturday, November 20 and 21

Gene Autry
in
COWBOY SERENADE

Also William Tracy and Joe Sawyer
in
HAY FOOT

News

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, November 22, 23, and 24

Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon
in
MRS. MINIVER

News Sunday Matinee at 3:00

Wednesday and Thursday, November 25 and 26

Dorothy Lamour
in
BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON

Short Subjects Thursday Matinee at 3:00

Friday and Saturday, November 27 and 28

Tim Holt in
THUNDERING HOOFS

Also Donald Barry in
REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR

Cartoon and News

Sunday and Monday, November 29 and 30

John Payne and Betty Grable
in
FOOTLIGHT SERENADE

Selected Short Subjects

Tuesday and Wednesday, December 1 and 2

Charles Winninger in
FRIENDLY ENEMIES

Selected Short Subjects
